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THE FEUDS OF THE DUDES.

Let Them Hire "Sluggers" to Protect Them.

PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - J. S. KEPPLER
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 EDITOR - H. C. BUNNER

We cannot undertake to return Rejected Communications. We cannot undertake to send postal-cards to inquiring contributors. We cannot undertake to pay attention to stamps or stamped envelopes. We cannot undertake to say this more than one-hundred-and-fifty times more.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.



And now, while the country is full of song and blossom, and summer is about to make its advent, we are reminded that Decoration Day is at hand. The time has come again to lay wreaths upon the graves of the fallen heroes of the Rebellion, and for the orator to speak and the poet to sing of their deeds. But, after all, it is the one day of the year that is dear to the heart of the trades-people. For upon this day they take wagon-loads of flowers to the cemeteries, not so much out of respect to the memory of the soldiers, as to have the people who view the procession read the advertising legends on the sides of the wagons. On Decoration Day we watch the wagons go down Broadway, and hear the bands discourse martial strains, and behold the scarred veterans' thin ranks as they go by. And what is the moral of it all?

Why, the moral simply is, that if you would cure your malaria, you must use So-and-So's triplex epileptic pill; that Smith's is the best place to purchase a spring-bed on the instalment plan; that Dr. Jones's root-beer is a good blood-

THE MURDERERS' BODY-GUARD.



TOO MUCH FELLOW-FEELING AND TOO LITTLE RESPECT FOR THE LAW.

purifier; that the Great Central African Clothing-Store is the only place where you can get a first-class ready-made suit of clothes for ten dollars; that in order to be thoroughly happy you must have a Robinson umbrella, and a cake of tar-soap for your head. This is what they call respecting the memory of the dead. It is what ought to be called juggling the memory of the dead to make business lively. Now, it is a great wonder that some of the tooth-powder people don't have some of their advertising verses set up in flowers and left in the cemeteries. They would have them cut in the grave-stones for epitaphs, if they could. And, furthermore, the people who have no business to advertise celebrate Decoration Day by going to a baseball match.

We have not yet decided which is the more respectable, to be a member of an Irish Fenian Dynamite Society, or to be a member of the Union Club of New York City. We are inclined to give the preference to the Fenian Society, because a large number of the members of such an organization do not proclaim from the house-tops their connection with it, and are not really proud of the distinction, however much they may pretend to be so. On the other hand, a member of the Union Club is never tired of announcing the fact, as if it were really a fine thing to be enrolled in an association that comprises so many eccentric individuals. Mere eccentricity is not objectionable, but when it assumes the form of drunkenness, of bad language, of personal encounters in front of the club, of general bruising, and of other queer performances, eccentricity becomes unpopular in decent circles. This is why the Union Club is so popular and its reputation so savory among its own members, and a number of young men who think they are fashionable are moving the universe to enter the club, in order to emulate the acts of some of the older members, either by knocking somebody down, talking fiercely of "the code," or provoking other men to knock them down. This is why, of all the city clubs, New

York is least proud of the Union; indeed, it would rather be without it.

New York is thirsty and wants more water, but New York politicians seem determined that she shall not have it without first paying them tribute. It does seem hard that when the citizens of this great city offer to find the money to build an Aqueduct they should be prevented from doing so in their own way. The politicians say, "We'll let you have water under a few simple conditions. This 'Hall' must be represented in the Commission, that it may distribute patronage among its friends; so must that 'Hall' and the other 'Hall,' for the same reasons. We quite understand the necessity for water, but our system of political patronage must be preserved. Politics first, water afterward." We hope that Governor Cleveland will veto the Aqueduct Bill and any bill that may be passed of a similar character. Let the Aqueduct be built by the citizens through their representative, the Mayor, without interference of John Kelly or Mr. Spinola or Senator McCarthy or Commissioners of Public Works with not the best of reputations, or of vulgar Aldermen, or of rural hay-seed politicians.

The Czar is crowned—at least we trust he is. We trust also that he is having a grand time over in the Kremlin, giving dinners to his friends in honor of the most important event in his life, except his capture of a mother-in-law. The Czar is a fine fellow, at least he was the last time we saw him, and that was one fine day last summer at Coney Island. He is quite an intelligent man, and is fond of dogs. We take pleasure in saying these complimentary things about him, because he has said good things of us. In a letter received from him last week, he made pleasant allusions to our boyhood, and asked us if we remembered the day we threw stones into the hornets' nest out in Simpson's woods, and how we threw Wood's cat down Miles's well, and tied the kettle on Grimes's dog's tail down behind the mill. He also said he would rather be the possessor of a copy of PICKINGS FROM PUCK than be crowned in the Kremlin. He then ordered a copy to be sent to each military post, library and post-office in Russia, as a mark of his appreciation. PICKINGS FROM PUCK is now out, and is to be had of all intelligent and respectable news-dealers in the land for the modest sum of twenty-five cents.

THE TOWN TERRIER.



As I was scouring the floors at Windsor Castle the day before yesterday, old Billy Gladstone came in and tumbled over the water-bucket. The Princess Beatrice laughed immoderately. "Beattie," I said, giving her a stern look, as I convulsively clutched my scrubbing-brush: "your education has been very much neglected."

"How so?" she asked, in amazement.

"Your parents never paid the extra two pence a week," I responded, with a sardonic glimmer in my eye.

"What for?" she queried once more.

"To learn manners," I sarcastically returned.

"You're a dude," was her Parthian shaft.

While engaged in delivering my oration at the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge, Mayor Seth Low asked me, *sotto voce*, if I had a spare pocket-handkerchief.

I answered in the negative.

"But what do you want one for?" I could not refrain from inquiring.

"I wished only to find out," was the at once frank and startling reply: "if New York men-about-town ever used such things."

The Czar is not crowned at all, nor had he the slightest intention of having the ceremony performed on himself. In consideration of the sum of thirty-seven millions of roubles, paid to me in trade-dollars, I consented to act as Alec's substitute—everybody knows with what result. What affords me the greatest amount of satisfaction in this matter is the fact that all the representatives of the great powers of the world have done me homage, and some of them will never discover how they have been sold. How could anybody dream that the real Czar was safely housed in his iron-clad sub-cellar in St. Petersburg?

I feel in particularly good spirits this week, owing to my having, for a second time, carried off the blue ribbon of the English turf—the Derby. My horse won easily. I was my own jockey. The Queen presented me with an India shawl, "The Life of the Prince Consort" and sixpence, in recognition of her appreciation of the victory.

With reference to the resignation of the Italian Ministry, I gave Humbert to understand that he must get rid of them, or I should be compelled to withdraw my support from the kingdom. I consented to Signor Depretis, the Premier, retaining office, on condition only that he eats macaroni and pork-and-beans three times a day.

As Captain Williams and myself were taking a header from the Brooklyn Bridge, yesterday morning, we espied Sackville West, the British Minister, towing with great energy a Brooklyn ferry-boat.

"Sack, old boy," I yelled: "have you given up your posish at Washington?"

"Oh, no," he answered, shaking the water from his hair: "I merely wished to find out the

temperature of the East River. The Union Ferry Company offered me ten cents for the job. I want something to do; the Irish dynamite business is not sufficient to employ my time.

"Monsieur Renan," I said to the great deist: "why do you tuck your napkin in the arm-holes of your vest when you dine? That is what the New York *Herald* says you do."

Monsieur Renan executed a *pas seul*, and then replied:

"You don't think for a moment I am going to be outdone by Governor Cleveland and Oswald Ottendorfer? Grand Ecosais! not much, by my halidome!"

I see that much regret is expressed at the death, in Siam, of the white elephant that was intended for Barnum's Circus. I am responsible for its demise. My affection for Jumbo is something more than I can say; and the thought that he should ever have a rival here drove me almost to distraction. I therefore put it to death last night by telephone.

I went to Sunday-school with Lansdowne—the Marquis—who is to succeed Lorne as Governor-General of Canada. He never could learn his catechism. Lansdowne is seven feet high and six feet broad. He has a peculiar habit of chewing bootjacks, and is never without fifty or sixty pounds of them in his pocket.

I am glad to hear of the success of the prize-fighters' ticket at the Union Club of this city. I don't think stronger men could be chosen for governors. The ticket consists of Harry Hill, Charles Mitchell, John L. Sullivan, Mike Cleary, Jim Mace, Herbert A. Slade, Tug Wilson and Paddy Ryan. How strange are human idiosyncrasies! Three-hundred-and-thirty members, who were candidates for admission to the club, under the impression that it was a fashionable and respectable institution, have, I am informed, now gone over in a body to the Sparkling Coterie.

I encountered Salmi Morse and Billy Shakspeare, last Sunday afternoon, rolling down-hill in Munich.

"Who would have thought of seeing you here?" I exclaimed, with unaffected surprise.

"Don't give Salmi away," said Shake, in trepidation: "I wrote 'A Bustle Among the Petticoats,' and asked Salmi to lend me his name, as I have been dead so long that I thought people might have forgotten me. What fine judges your critics are—they damned the play because they thought Salmi Morse wrote it. If they had known that I was the real author, their praise could not have been too fulsome."

Strolling in the Champs Elysées, the other day, I met President Grévy.

"Gré, old man," I inquired: "what are you up to now?"

"Great scheme, my boy," he responded, in the purest French, which he and I learned together in Hoboken: "I'm introducing lager-beer as the national drink, with the idea that it may make the people more phlegmatic, and disincline them to revolution."

Apropos of slugging-matches, I have a piece of news which you shall be the first to impart to the world.

A grand exhibition has been arranged, to come off at Madison Square Garden early next month, for the benefit of the relatives of the Czar of Russia. My friend Lord Granville has kindly consented to wind up with Sir Vernon Harcourt. The Birmingham Buster, Champion of Warwickshire, will give any man £50 to stand up to him for three rounds.

Puckerings.

THE HUMOR of the prize-ring is pretty well illustrated by one pugilist offering to fight another just for fun.

Food and Health prints an article entitled: "The Use of Spices;" but it doesn't say a solitary syllable about the clove between the acts.

"VICE AND wrong degrade us," says some astute philosopher, whose name we have forgotten. But a man never thinks of this axiom just after he has won fifty dollars at faro.

A LEGLESS MAN writes to us to find out what work he is fitted for. We are ready for him. Let him apply for a situation as bank-cashier. He will enjoy the confidence of the community.

A YOUNG LADY who recently picked up a paper and commenced reading an article headed "What Jerseys Cost," was very much annoyed on discovering it to be an account of a cattle-auction.

IT is the opinion of the average philosopher that the brush-boy in the barber-shop is paid a commission by the fashionable hatter to wear the binding off the customers' tiles, and to work a little grease into the brush occasionally.

"INDUSTRY is the foundation of pleasure," says some forgotten philosopher. Therefore we would like to know what pleasure can be the foundation of the industry displayed by the convict who makes shoes from 7 A. M. until 6 P. M.

ADVERSITY MAY borrow its sharpest sting from impatience; but the small boy who respects the thinker who thought and said it has an idea that the hornet borrowed the particular sting with which it endowed his neck last Fall from the same source.

WE HEAR from Chicago that hogs are steady. They are just as steady in New York, and are to be seen almost any day, at dinner, putting their knives in their mouths, making a noise like a mountain-torrent when swallowing their soup, and sticking their table-napkins under their chins.

IT is at this pleasant time of the year, when the arbutus grows in the woods, and the gentle strains of the circus-band waken joy and hope in each poetic breast, that the small boy sits down in the solitude of the woods and carefully counts up the days that must elapse before vacation time.

IT is all well enough to say with the poet that Truth, wherever found, will draw forth homage from the pure heart; but just go and tell a woman once that her little boy is one of the direst imps in town, and see how much homage you will draw from her heart, no matter how pure it may be.

THERE ARE many things in this cold, cold world that dispel our cares and make us temporarily happy. But it cannot be truthfully said that a man strikes one of them when he is standing up in a crowded horse-car, with his last five-cent nickel in the change-pocket of his light overcoat, and at the moment the conductor reaches over half-a-dozen heads for it, to have it suddenly drop through a hole down into the lining of the coat, when the people are crowded up so tight against him that he can't bend over, and the perspiration begins to gush out of him like a Mississippi freshet.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCLXXXIII.

THE CZAR IN MOSCOW.



Ya-as, Jack has weached Moscow, and so has the Czar of Wussia; and by the time these we-marks are wead by the Amerwican public, my fwiend Alexandah will eithah be cwowned or blown to smithereens by those horwid fellows, the Nihilists. Of course, no one would have any wespect faw him unless he had taken steps to have the cwown placed on his cwanium; but, judging fwom what Jack wites to me, I don't think that His Majesty welishes the aw pwo-cess.

In fact, I have already heard pwivately that, pwevious to the departure of the Emperwah faw Moscow, an explosion occurred in his dwessing-woom, which destwoyed some of the furni-chah without doing any serwious damage.

Jack—who, by-the-way, has verwy comfortable quartahs in the Petwoffsky Palace—says that the state entwy into Moscow was quite an interesting event. The imperwial pwocession was wathah gwand—I may say bwiliant—with much Orwiental magnificence. The woute was covered with flags, and there was a consider-

wable supply of stweamahs, and there were thwongs of people in the stweets, who appe-ahed extwemely enthusiastic. I dessay these cwea-chahs were threweatened with punishment if they did not show fwantic delight at the arwival of the gwreat autocwat, although I weally fail to see how the majorwity of the Wussian people can appwove of the tyrwannical system of government.

The Emperwah, Jack wites, wore a gener-wal's uniform, and bestwode a handsome nag. There were several generwals arwound him as he wode along.

Alfwed, Duke of Edinburgh, and his wife aw wepwesented Gwreat Bwitain; but there is not the least sympathy between the two count-wies. Don't see verwy well how there can be. I was always opposed to the match, and if a woyal marwiage, in these degenerwate days, had any significance, I don't think that Queen Victorwia would have allowed Alfwed to marwy the Gwand Duchess.

I wathah think that it wasn't pwecisely a wove match; but Alfwed, being only a second-wate pwince, and pwactically of no importance whatevah in England, was anxious to wise in the woid, and thought that the best way to do it was to ally himself with some illustwious weigning family.

Howevah, the Wussian Empi-ah is a gwreat mistake, although, of course, it is not the fault of the pwesent Emperwah, who is a fairly decent sort of fellow.

I hope he will pull through all wight, although I shouldn't be at all surprisid if he should not aw.

RULES

FOR THE GUIDANCE OF CASUAL VISITORS TO THE PUCK OFFICE.

[These Rules may be Found Useful, with Slight Altera-tions, in any Editorial Office.]

I.

Take up the shears and drop some remark about their being an "important article." This phrase sounds well, and will help you to think you have said something neat. Then you can look smug and complacent, which will make you nice and solid with the Editors.

II.

Ask who writes "Fitznoodle."

III.

Read the proofs lying on the Editor's desk.

IV.

Ask what is going to be in the paper next week.

V.

Inquire after the Goat and the Assyrian Pup.

VI.

Make a joke—the oldest joke you know—one of the fine old stock-pieces of American humor. Since you are in the office of a funny paper, you naturally want to show that you can be funny, too. Besides, how it must please the good Editors to be reminded of the days of their childhood!

VII.

Sit on somebody's desk and let your legs hang over.

VIII.

Point out that there is one left-handed figure in last week's centre-page cartoon. This will show how superior you are intellectually to the entire staff, Editorial and Artistic.

IX.

Ask how the pictures are colored.

X.

Select some man to talk to who has three columns to get off before four o'clock.

XI.

Ask who writes "Answers for the Anxious."

XII.

Ask if they are answers to genuine questions.

XIII.

Ask who Haseltine is.

XIV.

Tell the Editor how you think he ought to run the paper.

XV.

Tell him what you didn't like in last week's issue.

XVI.

Recount a comic incident that occurred in your infancy.

XVII.

Ask if the German PUCK is a translation of the English.

XVIII.

Ask why PUCK is so prejudiced against Jews.

XIX.

Ask why PUCK is so prejudiced against Irishmen.

XX.

Ask why PUCK is so prejudiced against Tal-mage.

XXI.

Ask why PUCK is so prejudiced against Knick-erbockers.

XXII.

Ask why PUCK is so prejudiced against China-men.

XXIII.

Ask what is the circulation of the paper. You will observe that the Editor doesn't ask you what your income is; but don't let a little thing like that deter you from making yourself pleasant in a stranger's office.

A POPULAR MELODY APPLIED.



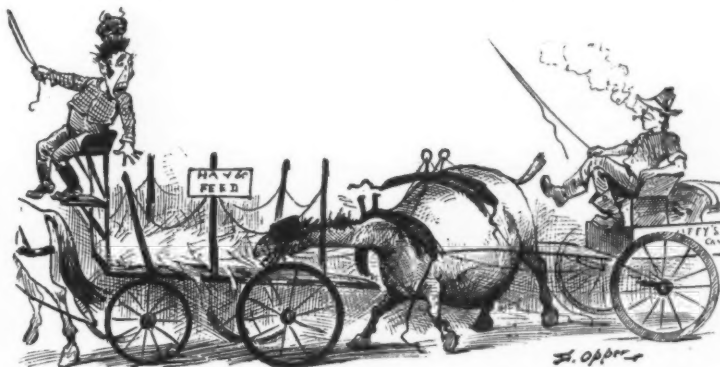
We never speak as we pass by,
Altho' a tear bedims her eye; ***

The spell is past, the dream is o'er,
And tho' we meet, we love no more!

STREETS OF NEW YORK, No. XIV.—A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.



AT FOURTEENTH STREET.



AT CANAL STREET.

DOWN AT THE BATTERY.

I took a walk down to the Battery the other day. The Battery is a charming place. Very few people know what a lovely spot it is, or it would be constantly crowded with visitors. But while the Battery does not seem to be a place of popular resort with New Yorkers, it has a remarkable attraction for foreigners. They come over in shiploads every day to look at it. They have heard of its beauties even in the heart of benighted Europe. They yearn to gaze upon the celebrated features of Mr. Bernard Biglin and his ten-cent checks for baggage. They hunger and thirst after the benevolent ministrations of Superintendent Jackson and Pastor Neumann. That's why they leave their comfortable homes in the fatherland and come over here to keep beer-saloons in the Bowery, where the faint and weary beer is sold for five cents per schooner, and the case-hardened and scornful pretzel is given as a prize to the man who can drink the beer.

While I was meandering gracefully around the outer battlements of Castle Garden, I beheld an aged pilgrim seated upon one of the park benches. His cap was pulled down over his eyes and his variegated coat was flapping loosely in the morning breeze. One of his shoes was a low-cut one and the other was a top-boot. There was a melancholy suggestiveness of a lack of natural affinity about them. In fact, they were not paired any better than some Congressmen.

The aged pilgrim's bronzed and bearded face wore an expression of deep, philosophical rumination. His mouth also showed signs of rumination, and the cud within it caused his cheek to protrude like that of a sewing-machine agent in the early autumn. In his eyes there was a far-off, dreamful look, as if he sighed for the Edelweiss and Kaiserbier of his native heath. I approached him and, making a profound bow, said:

"What do you think of the new Aqueduct Bill? Don't you think an additional supply of water would overwhelm your soul with ecstatic bliss?"

He raised his head slowly from the ground, and replied:

"Dieser man hat ein ofen in ihrem schlafzimmer macht gefunden geworden gegeben versimlichrahtsigmehlen gehabt haben."

Those were his words, as nearly as I can remember them. I told him I thought so, too, and he said I was another. Then I asked him if he would take a walk with me and gaze upon the Battery promenade, where "the breaking waves dashed high on a stern and rock-bound coast."

He called another philosopher, who wore a coat that was made after Joseph's—very soon

after—and they held a pow-wow. Then Pilgrim No. 2 hastened away, while Pilgrim No. 1 held sweet converse with me in his native tongue and I talked in mine; and I'm ready to bet a ducat-and-a-half that I tumbled to as much of his talk as he did of mine. While we were talking a policeman came up to us, accompanied by Pilgrim No. 2.

"What's der trouble hyer?" asked the cop. "Dieser man hat das bunko steerer bin gewesen sein."

When the pilgrim had fired this off, the policeman folded me to his bosom, took me down to the edge of the city and flung me into the Bay. When I struck the water I was pretty mad. I have not been so mad since I swallowed half-a-bottle of beef, iron and wine in the dark one night by mistake for S. O. P., and didn't discover the difference till 'twas, alas! too late. I swore a mighty oath that I would leave New York forever; so I swam down to Staten Island. I am there yet. I am likely to be there for some time yet, unless some good soul will mail me a small remittance, at $\frac{1}{10}$ per cent, payable *ad libitum*.

W. J. HENDERSON.

BALLADE OF THE BUCCANEER.

[Ballade of Clément Marot.]

Folk say we are a sorry sort,
And truth enow they speak, God wot,
For that we less love toil than sport,
And who's no rake of us is sot.
Friend, so were you, were yours our lot.
Still, when the bottle's drained *sans* doubt,
When lights are out and guests are sped,
Made sure that no one spies about,
I thank God for a roof and bed.

Folk say our lives are light and short:
Marry, they lie, and love us not.
Where sups my gallant of the court,
Who after comes may scrape the pot.
So we late-comers are forgot,
And, seeking kiss, get cuff and clout.
Heigho! the covers o'er my head
I pull—whate'er I go without,
I thank God for a roof and bed.

Folk say—but what may this import?
Lo, here all day fair sheets I blot;
Nor gain wherewith the crust a quart,
Oft-times, when this cursed thirst is hot.
Worse fates may be (I know not what)—
It profits naught to jeer and flout;
And it may stand me in some stead
If, while my marrow-bones are stout,
I thank God for a roof and bed.

L'ENVOI.

Brethren, I pray ye, lord and lout,
Bear witness what my rhyme hath said,
When Christ comes and the judgement, shout:
I thank God for a roof and bed!

A. E. WATROUS.

SIGNS OF SUMMER.

When the keeper of the rural hotel purchases a new flag—

When the man in the country nails up his thermometer on the front-stoop—

When men dare each other to wear hammock-hats and flannel shirts on Broadway—

When the young lady begins to swing in a hammock and read novels on the front-stoop—

When the Moderation Society commences to think of erecting its annual free drinking-fountains—

When the young lady makes a terrific whack at the croquet-ball, and, missing it, hits her foot—

When the clergyman has a preliminary ailing, in order to be sent to Europe for his health—

When the enterprising morning daily prints the recipe for the champion cholera-cure, double-leaded—

When the cow bursts ruthlessly through the garden-gate and tramples upon the mignonette and coleus—

When the man goes forth and looks at the flower-beds with a microscope to see if the seeds are coming up—

When Boston steamboat companies enter into competition, and ship people to the Hub at one dollar per head—

When the city residents receive from relatives in the country bunches of wild flowers done up in collar-boxes—

When coal becomes so cheap that the man with money enough ahead thinks it the proper time to lay in a winter supply—

When the days become so long that you don't light the gas more than once a week, but receive larger gas-bills than ever—

When the peddler of wire screens comes around and offers to fit them into any window, while he denounces mosquito-netting—

When the impecunious editor braces up and offers a column of space and a forty-line reading-notice to a tailor for a flannel suit—

When the confectioner advertises ice-cream at rates that place it within the reach of all Sunday-schools that purpose giving picnics—

When the old Shanghai rooster has one of his wings cut, that he may not fly out of the barn-yard and hold communion with the flower-beds—

And

When the innocent small boy lies down on the moist, fragrant earth, and rends the songful woodland with a woful shout, and is rent and girded about by a great, great pain upon ravenously biting into the Indian-turnip which a wicked companion told him was an artichoke—

Then we may know that Summer is at hand.



THE REASON WHY.

'Twas not for your fairy-like figure,
Nor yet for your angel-like face;
'Twas not for your title of heiress,
Nor yet for your exquisite grace.

'Twas not for those meaningless whispers
That fell with such musical sound,
Nor because of the envious glances
Of wall-flowers and mashers around.

'Twas not for the "form" of your waltzing,
Nor gleam in your dangerous eye;
Such charms I could quickly relinquish
Without e'er a pang or a sigh.

For none of these things I adored you—
Though all of an unsurpassed type—
But 'twas for the hair-pin you gave me
When parting to clean out my pipe.

C. J. H. CASSELS.

ESQ.

A MEMOIR.

INTRODUCTION.

Mr. ———, Gentle Reader. Gentle Reader, Mr.

With the death of the subject of this memoir there passed out of the world a man whose career was, in many respects, most remarkable. In his early years he was distinguished by his singular stupidity. No single scintillation of infantine wit or humor was ever retailed by his fond parents to bored but patient friends, or was published in the "Editor's Drawer" of *Harper's Magazine*.

His boyhood was phenomenal; for, although he ate frequently and with avidity of the greenest of green apples, he never was doubled up with the colic. His extraordinary digestive powers also enabled him to remain in an upright position even after partaking heartily of surreptitious watermelons, which, it may be incidentally added, he always succeeded in securing not only without encountering a large bull-dog with a dude-like taste for trousers, but also without confounding them in a single instance with pumpkins or other delusive and disappointing vegetables.

His courtship, also, derives a strange interest from the fact that the lady of his choice abhorred matinee entertainments and circuses, and had a constitutional aversion to ice-cream and soda-water. On a great many occasions this eccentric youth lured his inamorata to the vicinity of an ice-cream saloon, and begged her, with tears in his eyes and untold wealth in his pocket, to enter and partake; but never with success.

Owing to the fact that the lady lived in a city house, the swinging of no front-gate fanned his love into the conventional glow; and, since her old man had lost both legs in the late war, the episode of being kicked down-stairs found no place in our hero's experience. Besides this, her brother not only had no club, but, far from wearing the regulation number sixteen shoe, had a rather small foot, of which he was justly proud, and was by no means truculent.

The earlier years of Mr. ———'s married life were passed in a boarding-house, which, during his occupation, exhibited the most unprecedented perverseness. Imagine his consternation, for instance, at finding the bed provided for him and his wife to be of extraordinary softness; the steak to be tender and succulent; the towels to be of easily appreciable size; and the spring-chicken to have been really and truly sprung only a few brief months anterior to its untimely decease. Add to this the curious fact that one of the other boarders played upon the cornet in such a manner as to evoke universal applause and reiterated invitations to continue his musical endeavors, and you will be able to form some conception of his weird environment. Only once in a great while would the cats in the back-yard call forth an outburst of mild profanity and a fusillade of toilet sundries; but even then, as likely as not, the dulcet strains of his neighbor's midnight cornet would fall soothingly upon his ear, and with a prayer of thanksgiving he would allow himself to be lulled into a sweet slumber.

Somewhat later in life he went to keeping house on his own account, but his unlucky fate still pursued him. It seemed as if he was never to know the ecstatic misery of house-cleaning. He never was called upon to beat carpets, since an Irishman, whose time was not so valuable as his, was always obtainable for that purpose; and on the few occasions on which he was called upon to take down a stove-pipe, he experienced, thanks to an adequate mental and muscular power, no difficulty whatever, and miserably failed to spill the regulation two quarts of soot down the back of his neck. Besides this, his mother-in-law, who lived with him, was a very amiable person, indeed, and of a yielding and submissive disposition; while his mule—which was, nevertheless, of the fabled American variety—was never known to kick any-

body except a local newspaper paragrapher, who had so cruelly maligned and lampooned her species that the act was almost justifiable. His goat, too, which, following alleged precedent, he had tried to rear upon an exclusive diet of oyster-cans and circus-posters, died on his hands at a very early stage of the experiment.

Inasmuch as his marriage never bore fruit, he was spared the paternal experience of walking the floor at midnight with an unpacified and vociferous infant, and of incidentally stepping upon tacks, and coming into disastrous encounter with rocking-chairs and the like.

And although, in the course of his married life, he occasionally came home somewhat late and in a condition of rather more energetic stimulation than is consistent with technical sobriety, he never was known to say that he had been at a lodge meeting, or to refer his peculiar mental condition to the untoward influence of shrimp-salad taken upon an empty stomach. On such occasions as he found his wife awake, (which was not often,) and whenever she found herself at a loss to diagnose his condition, (which was very seldom, indeed,) he usually apologetically advanced that he had "been out with the (hic) boys." And inasmuch as it didn't happen very often, and because he was so frank about it and she was such a sensible woman, she got into the habit of devoting her midnight hours to sleep instead of curtain lectures, and would no more have dreamed of waiting behind the door and whacking her inebriated spouse with a broom, than he would of coming up-stairs to bed with a spread umbrella, or of indulging in any other vagary of the drunkard of fable.

Such was the eccentric career of Mr. ———. If all men were like him, what *would* become of the American Humorist?

F. E. CHASE.

IT is a common saying that you have to go away from home to hear news. But it cannot be denied that there is a great deal of solid information lying around loose when a man goes home on Sunday morning with an uncertain gait and his salary reduced to a suspender-button.

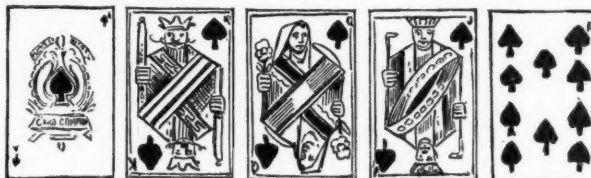
MRS. LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE is going to print a book entitled "Woman's Place To-day." We presume she will say that woman's proper place is at the head of the family and the soda-water fountain; and that it is proper for a man to wash the dishes and sew on buttons, while it is not a woman's place to chop wood and carry up coal.

NO MATTER how generous or extravagant a man may be; no matter how much money he may spend foolishly, there is at least one stratum of economy in him. He may give waiters the change, and purchase things without first inquiring the price; but when it comes to sending off a telegram, he will twist the sentence around, and leave out every superfluous word, and rewrite it, and do everything in his power to make it sufficiently short to be transmitted for a quarter. Then he feels proud of his frugality, and goes forth and purchases a dollar's worth of cigars.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.



AN OFFICER, BEING DETAILED TO PRESERVE ORDER AT BILLY MCGLODY'S, LAST SUNDAY EVENING, REPORTED THAT—



EVERYTHING WENT STRAIGHT.

A detailed black and white woodcut illustration depicting a steam-powered agricultural machine, likely a threshing machine, being pulled by a team of oxen. The machine is a large, rectangular structure with two large spoked wheels and a smaller front wheel. It features a prominent label 'SAFE' on its side. A man in a top hat sits on a raised platform, operating the machine. Another man stands on the side, holding a long pipe. The scene is set in a rural landscape with trees and a fence. The signature 'F. Gractl' is visible in the bottom left corner.

Cheers, plain, per doz	2 kopecks.
Throwing up hat, [with risk of losing the hat.]	1 rouble.
Hilarious howls.	2 roubles.
" " " encores, [extra].	½ rouble.
Enthusiastic loyalty.	3 roubles.
Drunk and ready to fight for the Emperor.	5 "



DECORATION DAY,
They deck with flowers, this Day of Decoration. Full m



ON AY, 1883.

Decorate Full many a blighted hope and reputation.

PUCK'S RURAL LOCALETTES.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF PATENT-INSIDES.

[These notices will be found thoroughly trustworthy, and may be safely used by any country weekly.]

School will close week after next.

Widow Smith wears a false front.

Go to Smith's for your insect-powder.

'Squire Mugby has had his dog's ears cut.

Reuel Murchison is having his harness mended.

Deacon Pulsifer had a tooth extracted yesterday.

After this week the 7:40 train will leave at 7:50.

A gypsy band passed through the town last evening.

A new chimney for the blanket-factory is talked of.

There was a fair attendance at the circus last Wednesday.

Widow Murray dropped her spectacles down the well yesterday.

The Old Maids' Home is preparing for a strawberry-festival.

E. W. Morse calls extra attention to his new line of pump-suckers.

Elija Myers will build a dog-house soon on the site of the old one.

A Chinese laundry is to be opened under Williams's stationery-store.

Brother Simmons will go to Edgecourt next week to purchase some Jerseys.

While ploughing, the other day, Farmer Jones killed a black snake four feet long.

Crowds begin to congregate in front of the Mansion House. This looks like summer.

Engine Company No. 6 will attempt to squirt over the Liberty Pole on Decoration Day.

While little Tommy Snooks was sailing on a log in Green's Pond, last week, the log rolled over and tumbled Tommy in the water.

Deacon Stiles returned from Lynn, last week, very much improved in health, and presented his little boy, Tommy, with a magic-lantern.

While painting the side of his house, last Thursday afternoon, Brother Meeks slipped off the ladder and knocked off one of his boot-heels.

Ezra Pulsifer walked across the Brooklyn Bridge when in New York last, and he will tell the Sabbath-school children all about it next Sabbath.

Leonard, Switchback & Noyes's Minstrels will be here next week. It is the greatest minstrel troupe ever seen in these parts, and now is the time to secure seats.

While Deacon Smith's white horse was at pasture, the other day, some naughty boys painted him green. When the Deacon made the discovery he was very angry.

The first hammock was seen yesterday on a Spruce Street piazza. Judge Finch's beautiful daughter Eliza was in it. We understand that Eliza is shortly to have a yellow village-cart.

While Mrs. Martindale was looking out of the window at a circus procession, the other day, the breeze blew her wig off, and before she could recover it it was devoured by a goat.

Little Joe Simpson fell off the roof of his father's house last Wednesday; but, landing in the awning, he wasn't hurt. Smiley, on Main Street, has a very fine assortment of awnings, which he is now selling at reduced rates.

RHYMES OF THE DAY.

W. G. O. A. P.

This is the date
To decorate,
And now the maiden doth await
Her lover at the garden-gate.
The orator doth now orate,
Each birdling seeks its little mate,
Upon the street-stand lie in state
Green fruits sold at a gilt-edged rate,
The straw-hat decks the bald man's pate,
And now the iceman is elate.

Now that the meadows are fresh and green—
Now that the flowers on the lea are seen—
Now that the birdlings their plumage preen—
Now that the heavens are all serene—
Now that Spring of the year is queen—
Take quinine.

'Tis now that we read of the rural hotel,
Located afar in some picturesque dell,
Where wild-flowers blow in the breeze-haunted
shade,
And o'er the rock tumbles a roaring cascade—
Where all is as gay as a rapt poet's dream,
Or a girl who is eating strawberries-and-cream:
But ere you approach that hotel, prithee see
At the end of the notice so fine—*A d v.*

A CHOICE OF DUDES.

Oh, give us the imported thing,
With true aristocratic ring,
The home-made 's far too rude;
We want the foreign, absent stare,
The consciousness of debonair
Which marks the perfect Dude.

Yet, if we can't import enough,
We'll have to take for *quantum suff.*
A native one or two;
Or, to express it in a word—
Although the notion seems absurd—
A Yankee Dude 'll do.

JOHN ALBRO.

ANOTHER VIEW OF IT.

'Mongst other thoughts of youthful days,
One thought I can recall:
'Twere better to have loved and lost
Than ne'er have loved at all.

But now, at riper years, methinks
That thought of mine would run:
'Twere better to have loved and lost
Than to have loved—and won.

J. R. R.

CULTURE CAN'T SEE IT.

BOSTON, Mass., May 23rd, 1883.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Take the advice of an old editor who has been a patron of PUCK from its first issue, and suppress hereafter such idiotic stuff as appears in your last number (324) just received, under the head of "The Town Terrier."

A more proper heading would be
"DREARY DRIVEL,"

which could be appropriately signed, "THE TOWN JACKASS."

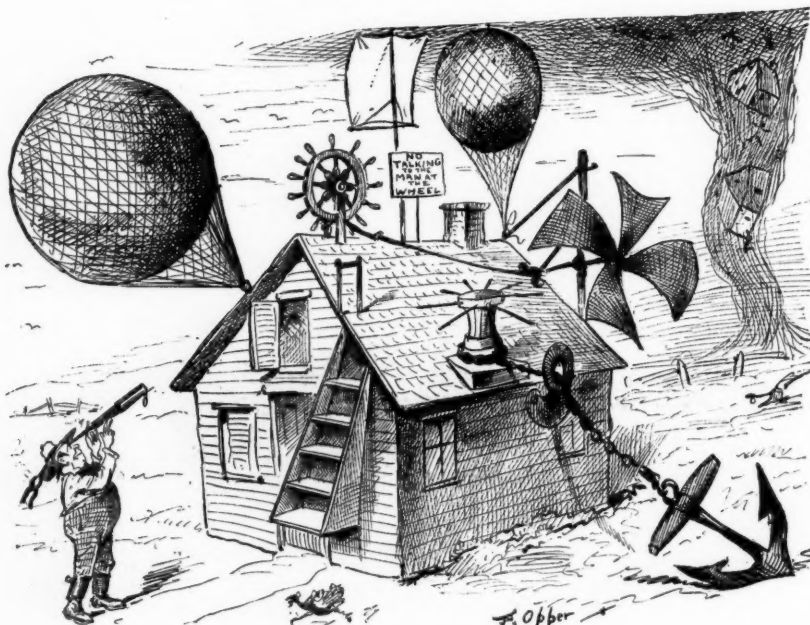
Such damnable "slop" would not be given an appearance in the police papers. Why should PUCK disgust its many sincere friends by publishing such "rot"?

Sincerely yours,

R. M. HESKELL.

Ask George Alfred Townsend.—ED. PUCK.

A WESTERN NECESSITY.



WELL-PREPARED FARMER:—"NOW BRING ON YOUR CYCLONES!"

EUROPE'S OPPORTUNITY.



THE TOUR OF AN AMERICAN PRINCE.

MRS. POPINJAY AND THE BURGLAR.

A DRAMA OF THE NIGHT.

SCENE I.—*The Popinjay's Kitchen. Cook, Maid and Coachman. Hour, 9 P. M.*

COOK [*yawning*].—Oh, now! will yez shtop palaverin' thegither behoid the clooz-bars and go to wurruk! I'm shure I'm tired to death of yer whillywallyin's and smackin's. Jinny, come and help me to iron these shirt-collars, ye lazy thing! Hinery, go and fetch me in some kindlin's and tind to yer chores. Here it is nine o'clock, and ye haven't done a blissed thing but sit and howld Jinny on yer lap since tay. Bad cess to the both of yez!

JENNY.—Oh! Henery! let go my hand! let go! you're squeezing all my fingers out of joint. Le' g-o-o!

HENRY.—Toopsy-woopsy tiddle-de—
[Enter MR. POPINJAY.]

MR. POPINJAY.—What does all this noise mean? Henry, have you attended to the furnace?

HENRY.—No, sir; I was just—

MR. POPINJAY.—Have you bedded down the horses?

HENRY.—Not just yet, sir; but—

MR. POPINJAY.—Did you shake out that hay for the cow that I told you to?

HENRY.—I was going to the barn, sir, this—

MR. POPINJAY.—No! You were going to the furnace. Now, mind; if I ever catch you like this again you get your walking-ticket. D'ye hear?

HENRY [*sheepishly*].—Yes, sir.

MR. POPINJAY [*severely*].—Well!

[Exit MR. POPINJAY.]

COOK [*with immense satisfaction*].—How are yez, Hinery?

[Exit HENRY, slamming the door.]

JENNY.—Oh, now—Bridget!

BRIDGET.—Well, Miss Jinny, didn't I warrun yez long ago?

JENNY.—No, you didn't; it wasn't five minutes ago.

BRIDGET.—Well, anyways, I was a-gapin' and makin' a noise wid my fut for two hours.

JENNY [*ironing*].—Oh, Biddy, you are a queer old girl! [*Sings.*] Hi-did-a-tiddy-hit-a-diddy!

Bridget looks up, uncertainly, and resumes her ironing with a thoughtful expression. Jenny suddenly drops her iron and starts from the table.

JENNY.—Mercy! I forgot to bring down the beans to soak!

BRIDGET [*somewhat bewildered*].—What sook?

JENNY.—The beans—for breakfast.

BRIDGET.—Oh, the banes, ye mane! Run up in the stoor-room, like a good gurrul, and bring down a quart av 'em.

[Exit JENNY; but presently returns with headlong haste and no beans.]

BRIDGET.—Jinny, what is the matter av ye?

JENNY.—Oh! oh! there was a mouse—a great big—O-o-h! o-o-h!

BRIDGET.—A mouse? Ugh! ugh! Did he git up yer skirruts, darlin'?

JENNY.—Oh!—don't speak of it. He run one way, and I run the other. Oh, Henery, how you scairt me!

[HENRY passes sullenly through the room, and goes down-cellar.]

Biddy, dear, won't you go up with me for the beans?

BRIDGET.—Hinery—

JENNY.—Oh, Henery won't do anything. He's mad.

BRIDGET.—Well, darlin', I will go up wid yez and carry the cat undher me arrum. Kitty, Kitty—come, Kitty. Now, be jabers, we'll see if the mouse 'll go up our skirruts, Jinny!

Jenny and Bridget go up-stairs to the store-room. Bridget marches in first, with the cat; Jenny tip-toes to the bag of beans, holding up her skirts with one hand.

BRIDGET.—Have ye got the banes, Jinny?

JENNY.—Yes, I've got 'em; come!

BRIDGET.—Did ye see the mouse, Jinny?

JENNY.—No, not yet; come!

BRIDGET.—Well, now, that's too bad! Jinny, sh'pose we lave the cat here all night to catch the thafe? Would the mishtriss be displeased, think yez?

JENNY.—Oh, I guess not; come!

BRIDGET.—Kitty, bedad, now kape still and catch the thafe o' the wurruld!

Bridget places the purring cat on the floor; the girls go silently out, closing the door, and return to the kitchen.

SCENE II.—*Sleeping-apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Popinjay, at the end of the hall leading to the store-room. Hour, midnight. Snoring. Suddenly a terrible crash echos through the house. Mrs. Popinjay jumps from her pillow with a scream. Mr. Popinjay emits a gurgling snort and turns over.*

MRS. POPINJAY.—Socrates! Socrates!!

MR. POPINJAY [*indistinctly*].—Whajewa—

[The sound blends with a snore.]

MRS. POPINJAY.—Socrates! Socrates! wake up!

[She punches him.]

MR. POPINJAY.—Whasmatter—whajewant—

MRS. POPINJAY.—Sh! sh! There's a burglar in the house. Didn't you hear him break through the window?

MR. POPINJAY.—Burglar, eh? Whajeburgl-wa—

[MR. POPINJAY resumes his dream.]

MRS. POPINJAY [*shaking him*].—Socrates! didn't you hear that awful crash?

MR. POPINJAY.—Awful crash, eh? Heard-sumftumbcatsumf— [Snore.]

MRS. POPINJAY [*in a terrible whisper*].—Socrates K. Popinjay!

MR. POPINJAY.—Oh, hum—whajewant, anyway?

MRS. POPINJAY.—Are you a man, or are you a log, Socrates Popinjay? I tell you there is a burglar in the house! I heard him break through the window. I can hear him prowling around now. There—listen!

Some rustling sounds are heard from the direction of the store-room.

MRS. POPINJAY.—Quick, Socrates! Get up and speak to him. He will steal all our new silver, and murder every one of us!

MR. POPINJAY [*now thoroughly awake*].—I—I guess it'll be just as well for us to stay in bed. I—I guess he won't find the silver.

MRS. POPINJAY.—Socrates Popinjay! are you afraid?

MR. POPINJAY.—Keep still—keep still, can't you! He's coming this way.

MRS. POPINJAY.—Socrates Popinjay, I'm ashamed of you, I am. [*Aloud.*] Ahem! ahem! I'll let him know that somebody's awake here, anyway. [*A dead silence prevails.*] There, now, I know he's gone down-stairs after the silver. Oh, Socrates, are you a man?

MR. POPINJAY [*reassured*].—Pshaw! I tell you it's only the cat. Lie down and go to sleep.

MRS. POPINJAY.—The cat! Mr. Popinjay, the cat is shut down-cellar every night.

MR. POPINJAY.—Well, then, it was a mouse.

MRS. POPINJAY.—A mouse! How could a mouse make such a crash as that? There—hark! I know that is the silver rattling. Mr. Popinjay, if you don't get up and put on your trousers and go down-stairs I shall do it, mind you!

MR. POPINJAY.—Oh, come now—don't be foolish.

MRS. POPINJAY.—Mr. Popinjay, are you going to get up, or are you not?

MR. POPINJAY.—I am not, Mrs. Popinjay. I don't propose to traipse around the house in my night-clothes and catch my death of cold because the cat is loose, mind you that!

MRS. POPINJAY.—Well, then, Mr. Popinjay, you may stay in bed. I have my opinion of you!

Mrs. Popinjay crawls out of bed and gropes around for the matches. Finds them and lights a small hand-lamp. Goes out into the hall and creeps slowly to the head of the stairs. The carpet makes an intolerable rustling under her bare feet.

MRS. POPINJAY.—Ahem! ahem!

MR. POPINJAY.—Better come back to bed!

No answer. Presently the sound of the cautious feet is heard on the stairs. In a few moments there is silence, and then another *ahem!*—this time very much feebler and less aggressive. Soon the rustling steps are heard again—returning.

MRS. POPINJAY.—Socrates, he's down there!

MR. POPINJAY.—Well, why didn't you go ahead, then?

MRS. POPINJAY.—Go ahead! You great cowardly man! Let's see you get up and go as far as the head of the stairs.

MR. POPINJAY.—I don't propose to get up at all, Mrs. Popinjay. I ain't quite so big a fool as you are. Coming back to bed?

MRS. POPINJAY.—Yes, sir, I am coming back to bed. The burglar can have all the silver in the house for aught of me. I haven't got to pay for a new set. Huh! tell me you aren't frightened! Your face is as white as the pillow.

Mr. Popinjay quickly turns his back to his wife, with a contemptuous sneer. She sets her lamp down on a chair near the door, turns it, as she supposes, quite out, and then crawls into bed and covers up her head. Both lie and listen intently for some minutes. Finally a board creaks out in the hall—as boards will after they have been trodden on in the night. Mrs. Popinjay cannot resist the horrible fascination. She uncovers her head and looks out. There, right in the doorway, appears to her distended eyes a slender gleam of light, like that escaping from a dark-lantern. A terrific scream causes Mr. Popinjay's blood to freeze in his veins.

MRS. POPINJAY.—Oh, Socrates, Socrates! help! He is coming into the room!

Mr. Popinjay tears himself from his wife's grasp, rolls out upon the floor, and crawls precipitately under the bed.

MRS. POPINJAY.—Oh, Mr. Burglar! Mr. Burglar! Please go away! You can have all the silver in the house, and there's lots of money in the desk in the library. Only please, please spare our lives! Oh, please, dear Mr. Burglar. Oh, do, now. Don't kill us, Mr. Burglar!

The faint flicker of light continues immovable, suddenly, threateningly immovable. Mrs. Popinjay renews her supplications, and keeps them up for several minutes. Then she subsides, and wonders why the light doesn't move. Finally, it seems to her that it is rather low down for a burglar to carry a dark-lantern. Could it be—can it be—the thought is heavenly! A sickening smell of charred wick fills the room. Mrs. Popinjay puts one foot out of bed—the light does not stir; she puts two out—it is still stationary. Then she rises, gropes toward it, puts her hand upon it.

MRS. POPINJAY.—It is—it is my own lamp, Socrates!

SCENE III.—The kitchen. Very early in the morning. The Cook pouring kerosene-oil on the kindlings in the stove. Enter MRS. POPINJAY, very pale, in a wrapper.

MRS. POPINJAY.—Oh, Bridget, you don't know what a scare I had last night!

BRIDGET.—A scare, ma'm? Who scared yez, ma'm?

MRS. POPINJAY.—Why, a burglar broke a window and got into the house, and such a racket you never heard in your life. But he didn't take a thing. I've been all around and can't find a thing missing. I must have frightened him away. I got up in the night, Bridget, and went half-way down-stairs after him!

BRIDGET.—Oh, ma'm, how brave! But did yez foind the broken windy?

MRS. POPINJAY.—I declare! I didn't think to look. But I will go now, Bridget.

[Returns presently.]

MRS. POPINJAY.—There isn't a broken window in the house!

BRIDGET [from force of habit].—It must have been the cat, ma'm.

MRS. POPINJAY.—The cat? I thought the cat was shut down-cellar every night?

[Bridget regrets exceedingly.]

BRIDGET.—Oh, ma'm, I must be afther makin' a little apology, ma'm. It was meself and Jinny shut the cat into the stoor-room lasht night, to catch a great big thafe of a mouse, ma'm, and be the howly prophets, I niver thought of her again till this very minute, ma'm!

MRS. POPINJAY.—The cat in the store-room? How dared you, without my permission! Oh, that accounts for it—that accounts for it.

Mrs. Popinjay ran hastily up-stairs, followed by Bridget, imprecating and wringing her hands. They opened

BEFORE.



This man, stumbling over a copy of London PUNCH, which had been carelessly left exposed—

AFTER.



the door, and out walked the cat, purring, with upright tail and every indication of extreme satisfaction. Under one of the shelves lay a large platter smashed into a dozen bits, and near it the broken pieces of a student-lamp shade.

MRS. POPINJAY.—Oh, Kitty, Kitty! you little realize the cost of what you have done this night. It has shortened my life by many years, I know, and sprinkled your dear master's head with gray!

BRIDGET [weeping].—Oh, ye thafe of the wurruld, ye thafe of the wurruld!

PAUL PASTNOR.

O chilling breeze,
Don't freeze
Our knees,
Don't make us wheeze,
Oh, please!
Or sneeze:
The Doc's decrees
For these
Will tease
Till he agrees
To seize
His fees.—Syracuse Herald.

AN UNAPPRECIATED ORATOR.

"Great bridge!" observed a frightfully dilapidated individual, forcing his way into the Mayor's sanctum, and penetrating that official with a fiery glance: "In my judgement, sir, the bridge could never have been possible under any than a one-headed government. What nation has ever put up a bridge of that magnitude? None, sir! What State? What other city has done it? I still reply, none, sir! Rising from the water like Amphitrite, it pierces the air like the eagle, defying both elements, and records with its shadows the time when one-headedness took its birth to mark an era in the tide of municipal governments. How does that strike you?"

"It strikes me as nonsense," retorted the Mayor: "What do you want, anyway?"

"I want to make a speech at the celebration. If you don't like that style, look at this: 'Beneath its span the rippling years of the ages will sweep, while from its frowning towers smile the welcomes of epochs yet to come! The crown of eternity rests upon its head, a fit diadem in the wreath that glorifies the grandest enterprise ever intrusted to the intellect of Man!' Can you suggest any improvement on that?"

"It's all bosh!" exclaimed the Mayor: "We have made all our arrangements for speakers, and we don't want any more!"

"But suppose some of your talent should fail!" persisted the orator: "You had better have me there, in case you run short. It does n't cost anything to have me on hand, and you can't tell what may happen. Give me a front seat at the table, and command me at any moment."

"Don't want you at any price," growled the Mayor: "You can't get in, and you'd better get out."

"Do I understand that you intend to sully your one-head administration by refusing to make this bridge-celebration a success?" howled the enraged tramp: "Are you going back on the people of Brooklyn to such an extent as that? I think not. I am sure not. Just say you will hand me a sandwich and a glass of beer through the window, and I'll give you an hour-and-a-half of the purest eloquence you ever listened to."

"Go away," pleaded the Mayor: "I want to work, and I haven't any time to fool with you. Go away!"

"I'll make it two hours for a sandwich and two glasses of beer handed me out of the window, and won't say a word about coming inside."

"Put that man out!" roared the Mayor: "Come in here, somebody, and take him away!"

"I'll knock off the sandwich!" persisted the seedy man: "Make it two glasses of beer for a two hours' speech!"

A policeman took him by the neck and led him to the door.

"That comes of a one-headed government," muttered the tramp, as the policeman hustled him along: "Look here!" he shouted, as he made a stand on the mat: "I'll tell you what I'll do! Make it one glass of beer, payable now, in advance, and I'll give you two-hours-and-a-half, even!"

But Brooklyn is not short of oratorical talent when there is beer on hand, and the last and most generous offer of all was declined without the slight formality of rendering thanks.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"THIS am a very wicked world," sighed Uncle Jo, a negro who does duty about the city with a buck and saw.

"Why so, Uncle Jo?"

"Well, you see, I hab been keeping account, the last week, ob how many times I hab been beaten in my business transactions, and the result am perfectly astonishing. Ob six men I worked fur, three ob dem beat me like eberything; de grocery-store man beat me seben times, and a boot-and-shoe-man sold me a dollar pair ub shoes fur two dollars."

"That was a very bad week, indeed, Uncle Jo; but didn't you find anyone that was perfectly honest?"

"Oh, yas; dar was one man who paid me a five-dollar gold-piece for a penny."

"I suppose you gave it back to him, Uncle Jo?"

"Why, ob course I didn't. D'ye s'pose I am going to get beat all de while, and den lose such a chance as dat?"—*Detroit Post*.

CASTORIA.
How babies stomachs once did sour,
How doctors physicked by the hour,
How mothers cried, how they moaned,
How babies kicked, how they squaled,
Till sweet CASTORIA cured them all;
No babies now who bawl!—O CASTORIA.

If not troubled with skin diseases yourself, mention Swayne's Ointment to some friend, and receive thanks.

THEY DON'T RECOMMEND IT.

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To insure prompt attention, Advertisers will please hand in their copy for new announcements or alterations at least one week ahead of the issue in which they are to appear.

PUBLISHERS PUCK.

'T would have been better for the Czar
Had he not been crowned as Emperors are,
But had gone to 118 Nassau
For an ESPENSCHIED hat of silk or straw.

THERE IS BUT ONE GENUINE

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in the market, and that is

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All others are Imitations or made to sell on the reputation of the ORIGINAL, and may do harm, while FREDERICK BROWN'S, PHILADELPHIA, will always be a blessing in **SPRING, SUMMER, AUTUMN, and WINTER.**

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\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLATT & Co., Portland, Maine.

At a recent Southern camp-meeting the eloquent divine said:

"The wheels of the righteous shriek and groan as they toil up the hill of salvation and over the ruts of temptation and the bridge of damnation, and have to scrowdge pretty lively to get up at all; but the sinner, with greased wheels and flying colors, slips down to tarnation like a dose of oil, with a rip and a whizz, and raises no dust whatever."

Now, who says oratory is a lost art?—*Life*.

The N. Y. Sunday Courier's Opinion.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK, a handsome 64-page volume, bearing on its face the well-known figure of the plump and rosy boy, and filled from cover to cover with the brightest fancies and cleverest sayings of that frolicsome urchin. Such, in brief, is PICKINGS FROM PUCK, just issued from the office of Keppler & Schwarzmann. The good things in the new book have been selected from the columns of PUCK. They are from the pens of H. C. Bunner, B. B. Vallentine, R. K. Munkittrick, Arthur Lot, W. J. Henderson, A. E. Watrous, Paul Pastnor, Bret Harte, V. H. Dusenbury, P. P. Kit Adams, and other bright writers with whom the American public are familiar. There is an astonishing amount of good reading-matter in the PICKINGS, not to mention the pictures by Keppler, Oppen, Gillam, Wales and others. The price for all this comic sweetness is only twenty-five cents.

A FEW nights ago the Rev. Charles Steck, of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, made his debut at Indiana, Pa., as *Hamlet* and *Richelieu*. Evidently the reverend gentleman didn't feel well, or he would have also tackled *Othello*, *Richard III.*, *Shylock* and a few more of those amateur characters, and made a night of it. Still, *Hamlet* and *Richelieu* for a first appearance is doing pretty well.—*Norristown Herald*.

Yonkers Gazette.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK illuminated our sanctum Thursday with its sunny presence. It is a sixty-four page compilation of many of the best things from the files of PUCK, wherein some thirty-four writers and seventeen artists are represented. For an early summer mental tonic there is no better preparation in the market, and we advise all our readers to procure a dose. Price only twenty-five cents. Administered by all news-dealers.

"I'm so glad," said an elderly lady in a Pittsburgh street-car yesterday: "to see by the papers that Mr. Brady has been hung, and without any fuss, too. Now we will hear no more about that awful Star Route trial."—*Pittsburgh Telegraph*.

News from the World.

Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann have issued an octavo volume of PICKINGS FROM PUCK, a collection of pieces in prose, poems and pictures from the recent issues of their comic weekly.

NEW YORKERS might have very easily raised that two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand dollars for the pedestal of the Bartholdi statue if they had only given out that it was to be a statue of Sullivan or Harry Hill.—*Boston Post*.

What the New York Herald Says.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK, just published, is full of good things.

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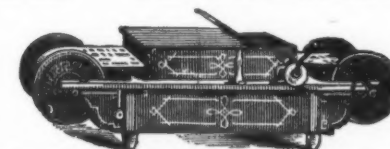
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ARMY OFFICER'S TESTIMONY.

Captain JOSEPH L. HAYDEN, residing at No. 924 Fourth Street, South Boston, Mass., formerly captain in the army, now with the Walworth Manufacturing Company, South Boston, writes, April 28, 1883: "While living in Cambridgeport, my wife was afflicted with terrible pains in her back and sides, accompanied with great weakness and loss of appetite. She tried many so-called remedies without avail, growing rapidly worse, when her attention was called to Hunt's Remedy. She purchased a bottle from Lowell's drug-store, in Cambridgeport, and after taking the first dose she began to feel easier, she could sleep well, and after continuing its use a short time the severe pains in her back and side entirely disappeared, and she is a well woman. Many of our relatives and friends have used Hunt's Remedy with the most gratifying results. I have recommended it many times, and as many times heard the same story. Hunt's Remedy is all that is claimed for it, and a real blessing to all afflicted with kidney or liver trouble."

MADE A MAN OF HIM.

Mr. C. O. WHEELER, No. 23 Austin Street, Cambridgeport, Mass., makes the following remarkable statement. On April 27, 1883, he writes as follows: "I have been troubled with kidney disease for nearly twenty years. Have suffered at times with terrible pains in my back and limbs. I used many medicines, but found nothing reached my case until I took Hunt's Remedy. I purchased a bottle of A. P. Gleason, 630 Tremont Street, Boston, and before I had used this one bottle I found relief, and continuing its use, my pains and weakness all disappeared, and I feel like a new man, with new life and vigor. Hunt's Remedy did wonders for me, and I have no hesitancy in recommending it to all afflicted with kidney or liver diseases, as I am positive that by its use they will find immediate relief. You may use this letter in any way you choose, so that the people may know of a sure medicine for the cure of all diseases of kidneys and liver."

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REFERRING to the recent celebration of the anniversary of the battle of San Jacinto, a Corpus Christi paper says that there was much rejoicing in the interior. That's the place to put the beer if you want to make the interior rejoice. You didn't expect the people to make a lotion of the beer and rub it on the outside of their stomachs, in honor of the Mexican despot and his hordes, did you?—*Texas Siftings.*

Chaff from Detroit.

The great question before the American people to-day is not who will be defeated for the Presidency in '84, nor who smote the mythical William Q. Patterson, but who hasn't seen PICKINGS FROM PUCK, just issued by Keppler & Schwarzmann. That's the way PUCK starts off a reading notice, and we're going to write one of the same kind, if we darn please. PICKINGS FROM PUCK was gouged out of back-numbers of PUCK with a quill toothpick that cost a nickel, and sells for twenty-five cents a number, which gives a profit of twenty cents sterling. It contains nearly all the wappy-jawed poetry and hints for the farm and household that have appeared in PUCK since the leaves began to turn, and is warranted to be rough on rats. Among other masters of pathos who have contributed to P. FROM P. are R. K. Munkittrick, V. H. Dusenbury, Bret Harte and O'Donovan Rossa. Chromos are furnished free of charge by Keppler, Oppen and Gillam, who are known from Baffin's Bay to Skowhegan, Persia. See PICKINGS FROM PUCK and die happy.

—Detroit Chaff.

AN Illinois man got a divorce from his wife because she fed him on cod-liver-oil for breakfast and bought a piano which she did not know how to play. If the latter offense is to become ground for divorce, we shall all be turned out into the green pasture of single blessedness.—*Hartford Post.*

A Boston Blessing.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK.—Our genial little friend PUCK, mindful of the need of relaxation and rational humor as the warm weather is coming upon us, has sent out in sixty-four pages a large quantity of the richest pickings from his weekly issues for the past season, comprising several hundred humorous illustrations, with correspondingly witty reading-matter, all done up in richly illuminated covers. This will form a most genial companion for idle moments.—*Boston Home Journal.*

CHARLES A. DANA says competent editorial writers on New York papers receive from \$150 to \$200 per week. They have to pay a man pretty heavy to induce him to remain in that city. Even editorial writers have some self-respect.—*Lovell Citizen.*

Praise from Porkopolis.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK is out, and for sale by news-dealers everywhere. It contains the choicest "pieces, poems and pictures" that have been printed in pretty and preëminently perfect PUCK.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

A COLORED woman in Alabama fastened her teeth in a mule's nose and hung on until he carried her eighty rods, and yet there are no medals for colored heroines.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Voice of New York Daily News.

Like brave General Wolfe at Quebec, PICKINGS FROM PUCK has taken the town.

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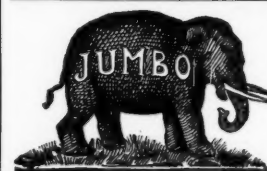
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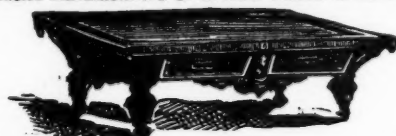
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It would be difficult to compress more of the technical language of the diamond into the same space than occurs in the following from the telegraphic report of the Boston-Cleveland game on Tuesday: "In the second, Sutton got his base on balls, went to second on Glasscock's fumble of Wise's hot one, and took third on York's wild throw-in of Morrill's fly to left, only to die at the plate on a beautiful double play off Burdock's grounder to Muldoon to Phillips to Briody." To a woman clawing round over the paper to see who was dead, that would prove mighty pleasant reading. — *Boston Post*.

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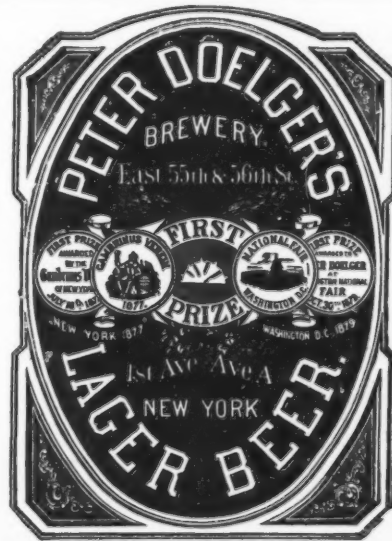
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